THE TATLER.

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VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

THURSDAY, JUNE 21, to FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1832.

ZAIDE AND ZAIDA.

A TALE OF MOORISH SPAIN.

By Philo-Tcha.

[Continued.]

Although the beautiful maiden thus left her lover despairing, she still continued to love him with her whole heart, and his passion was more ardent than ever. Though his lady had in words dismissed him, they still from time to time interchanged a greeting at the balcony, but extremely short, lest her father should discover them; and his barbed steed was often the witness to the pledges of affection which none other beheld. Again certain of the affection of his beloved maiden, Zaide discontinued his accustomed daily rides through the street where she resided; but still their meetings were not so secret, but that they were known to a Moor named Tarfe, who had insinuated himself into the friendship of Zaide. Tarfe was envious of the happiness of his friend, on account of a passion which he himself secretly bore to Zaida; and reflecting that it was impossible for her ever to cease to love Zaide, on account of his many good qualities and surpassing gallantry, he resolved to destroy their happiness, and put enmity between them, even though he himself could gain nothing by it, and it might perhaps cost him his life, as frequently happens to those who are not faithful to their friends, amongst the Moors.

The father of Zaida now became more cautious than ever with respect to her, and for several weeks she had no opportunity of speaking to her lover, who, again pensive and inconsolable, wandered by her dwelling, but still she came not, as she was used to do. The lovely maiden still adored her lover as tenderly as ever, but was unable to give him proofs of her affection, from fear lest she should be seen by her father, and a slight glance from time to time was all she could bestow on him. Her lover was deeply afflicted, and made known his feelings by his dress and the colour of his apparel, as was the custom amongst the Moors of Granada; who, according to the passion which governed them at the time, regulated the garments which they wore; and thus the despair of Zaide was made known to all who beheld him. Overwhelmed with misery and sorrow, which he could not chase from his mind, the gallant Zaide was now totally changed from his former appearance, was reduced to a state of great weakness, and almost appeared a skeleton. One night, to give vent to his grief, he disguised himself as a musician, and taking his lute with him, placed himself during the darkness, which favoured his purpose, opposite the house which contained his mistress; when he sung to the sound of his melodious instrument, with much tenderness, an Arabic song full of poetic feeling, which recalled the time when he first met his mistress in Almeria.

The enamoured Zaide accompanied his song with tears, as well as the notes of his well-struck lute, and heaved deep sighs with soul-felt energy, which increased still more the anxiety of his passion. The lovely Zaida, who, in the interior of the building, had listened to the song and sound of the lute, well knew that the musician was Zaide her lover, as they were verses which he had long before composed in her praise; and flying quickly to her balcony, called to her lover with the accents of tender condolence, yet in a low tone, for fear her father should hear her. Like lightning the gallant Moor flew to her side, and mounted his horse, to talk to his mistress in a rapture of joy, who gently chid him for his want of care in approaching her house at all hours. 'How is it, Zaide, that you still persevere in so doing? Do you not reflect that my reputation will be lost? Are you not aware that the whole neighbourhood watches you? Reflect, that it is on your account alone my father obliges me to lead so recluse a life. Pray you take care that he sees you not again, for he has sworn that if your conduct does not cease, he will send me to Coin, to the house of my uncle. Do not give him any farther reason for this, or my life will be little better than ended. Do not think I can forget you, dear Zaide: I love you far better than ever. May these clouds which now afflict us pass away, and the holy Alà grant us success. Remain, my beloved, in his keeping, for I can stay no longer.' Saying this, the soft maiden burst into tears, and retired; leaving the noble Moor enshadowed, as the light of his mind vanished from before his eyes. Confused, he departed from the spot; tormenting himself with various contrary thoughts, and unable to foresee what would be the end of his unfortunate passion.

Shortly after this, the King gave a ball and festival to the whole court, to which both Zaida and her lover were invited. Though in the presence of his beloved, the unfortunate youth did not dare to approach her, lest her father should in consequence send her away; and was obliged to content himself with gazing on her at a distance, while his fiery heart prompted his hand to strike dead each rival who approached to speak to her, with full liberty of access. But he refrained, and at night his good fortune enabled him to hold a conference with Zaida at her balcony; who, grateful to him for the forbearance he had shewn, placed in his turban, as a pledge of her affection, a tress of her beautiful hair, more lustrous than threads of the fine gold of Arabia, carefully affixing it with her own delicate and taper fingers. Returning home, overjoyed at this mark of her affection, Zaide encountered his friend Andalla Tarfe, who was on terms of great intimacy with him, and noticing the joy painted in his countenance, so contrary to his usual custom, enquired the reason of it. And, as good fortune is seldom thoroughly enjoyed without some one to whom to communicate it, Zaide, confiding in the great friendship which subsisted between them, under the pledge of secrecy, declared to him the cause of his joy, and moreover shewed him the lovely tress which his mistress Zaida had given him.

The Moor Tarfe, full of envy and mortal rage, at thus beholding how favoured and esteemed Zaida was by his lady, determined to reveal this secret to the beautiful maiden; for which purpose he had ample opportunity, as, being of the Zegri tribe, he possessed free access to the house of Zaida's father. One evening, being alone with her, he suddenly asked, 'Are you the lady by whom the Abencerrage Zaide is so much beloved?' Instead of answering, Zaida only blushed. 'Well may you blush, lady,' said Tarfe: 'you, the maiden held in most esteem within and without the walls of Granada, thus to have blemished your honour by giving your love to a man unworthy of it, and who boasts of your favours wherever

he goes. But a short time since, a number of young noble Moors were assembled in my garden, talking of the cavaliers who were most in favour with the ladies of the court, when this Zaide took off his turban, and shewed us all, as well as the slaves and servants, a tress of hair, which he said was yours, woven and placed there by your hands. Are these true signs or not, of his want of care for your reputation?

The beautiful Zaida almost fainted, as she listened to this tale, the truth of which she could not for a moment doubt; and she rushed from the apartments, leaving Tarfe overjoyed at the success of his stratagem. Pride soon came to her aid, and believing Zaide no longer worthy of her, her love was changed into hatred, and she reflected with horror on the perilous state in which her honour was placed.

THE SLAVE.

'With this dagger
I gave a solemn vow of dire importance.'—Otway.

[Concluded.]

We reached this land, and we were sold,
Blood bought by man for paltry gold;
Oh! we were torn with bursting heart
And straining limbs for ere apart,
No tears, no prayers could move the one
Who bought me—no, the planter's son
Felt not the cares of pure love then,
And parted us with tearless eye:
Parted for ere—save once again,
And that to see my own love die.
Now thou hast told me there's an hell
Where hard'ned sinners all shall meet,
Where tortured they shall ever dwell,
In quenchless flame and burning heat;
There then, ah there, that sinner he
Who took my weeping bride from me
And bore her virtue from its stem,
Shall writhe in hell with me, and them
Who dip their hands in human blood
And make revenge their God and food.
And when we meet—oh, I will tear
His form convulsed with burning pain;
Then shall that dastard coward fear,
When I shall meet with him again.

I saw my bride, once more she came
To tell to me—not her's—his shame,
For she had broken from the den
Of other monsters, they no men;
She came, she told me—weep'd and sigh'd,
Then burst her heart—she'd loved, and died.

I laid her in a narrow grave,
And o'er the bed, where once mine slept,
I swore an oath—that vow I gave
To her who died—that vow have kept.

Ten summers past, and still I toiled
His slave, my fondest hope who spoiled,
Awaiting my revenge, to wreak
On him who thought me poor and weak.
And then it was that first he knew
The soft emotions, thrills, of love;
And she was fair—who loved him too;
I've watched them often sweetly rove
And whisper love—and thought how I
Once loved as he—with burning sigh;
And at that thought—my vow ere came,
My wife long dead—my love—his shame.

I watch'd my time—when once his love
Alone had entered in a grove;
I seized the moment—thither flew;
Nay doubt me not, for this is true,
As all that I have hereto said;
I sent my blade her bosom thro',
Fulfilled my vow, and left her dead.

He deeply mourned, but never knew
The one he loved 'twas I that slew.
That we were even; I and he;
One gentle wife he took from me,
Whose form within the grave is dim,
Who unavenged should never be.
One gentle wife I took from him.
I have done—have told my tale,
Dying, ere my breath should fail,
'Ere this tongue should silent be,
Cursing him who *tortured* me.

His eye grew dim, his brain apun round,
He sank upon the dungeon ground;
And as the soul from out him fled
Breathed his wife's name and joined the dead.

G. C—n.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

EIGHTH CONCERT, MONDAY, JUNE 18, 1832.

ACT I.

Sinfonia, dedicated to the Philharmonic Society (first time of performance in this country)	*Onslow*
Aria, Madame Schroeder Devrient, 'Parto; ma tu, ben mio,' (La Clemenza di Tito)	*Mozart.*
Clarinet Obligato, Mr Willman	
Concertante — Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon, Horn, Trumpet, and Double Bass—Messrs Nicholson, G. Cooke, Willman, Mackintosh, Harper, and Dragonetti	*Ch. Neukomm.*
Aria, Signor Tamburini, 'Inveir col sesso imbelle'	*Pacini.*
Concerto, Piano-Forte	*F. M. Bartholdy*

ACT II.

Sinfonia (No. 8)	*Beethoven.*
Duetto, Madame Cinti Damoreau e Signor Tamburini 'Di capricci,' (Corradino)	*Rossini.*
Concertante, four Violins, Messrs Mori, Seymour, Tolbecque, and A. Griesbach	*Mourer.*
Aria, Madame Cinti Damoreau (Le Concert à la cour) 'Entendez vous?'	*Auber.*
Overture, 'Midsummer Night's Dream	*F. M. Bartholdy.*

Leader, Signor Spagnoletti.—Conductor, Mr Cramer.

Mr Onslow's symphony somewhat disappointed us. To say that it was 'good music,' were little better than an impertinence; the composer of the *colporteur*, and of various instrumental quartetts and quintetts would find it almost as difficult a task to write unworthily, as for many it would be to surpass themselves. We probably anticipated too much from the present symphony, and in consequence felt that there was a lack of subject pervaded the whole: we could not perceive any prevailing intention on the part of the composer. The *tout ensemble* appeared to us to possess no distinct and prevailing character; and moreover we trace no prominent and haunting melodies recurring to the memory. The first movement (in D minor) breaks forth with a fiery and bold subject, and, upon the whole, pleased us the most.

Upon the present occasion another proof was afforded of the advantage a singer derives who is resolved to sing only good music. That portion of the audience whose praise alone is worth a straw (the good judges) are always prepared to make allowance for defects of voice:—provided the composition be worth hearing, and it be sung with earnestness and feeling, they are sure to be gratified; and in the result the singer is, in a degree, identified in their minds with the composer. Had Madame Cinti selected for performance at these concerts sterling compositions, rather than such as were fit only to be heard in a drawing-room party of maudlin dandies of both sex, she

would have borne away the bell from Madame Devrient. Her voice is more exquisite in quality, her intonation more exact, and her polish and execution of considerably higher lustre: yet the latter, from her sincere and earnest manner of singing the 'parto,' from the *Clemenza di Tito*, received double the applause of her accomplished competitor. It was a piece of insolence in Madame Cinti to select the music she did for the Philharmonic concert; and in our opinion, the directors would have consulted the dignity of the institution by refusing it. If she thought the audience were the same as composed a portion of the company at the Italian opera on the Tuesday and Friday evenings, she should have been undeceived. Many of the members of the Philharmonic Concerts have never been near the Italian Opera House this season, except for the purpose of seeing the dancers; and as many have probably never been absent from a performance by the German company. The Italians have exerted themselves this year, and successfully, to expose the 'nakedness of the land,' as regards their modern music. For what the majority of the public now care, they may go and hang Pacini and Mercadante about their necks, like Jew pedlars,—cheats and quacks as they are. Their fine voices and showy tricks have already faded before the commoner vocal quality, but sounder sense, and higher accomplishment of the Germans. Tamburini, as we have before stated, has an admirable organ, and under rational tuition, and with common native taste, would have been a valuable acquisition; but his style, and the school of composition to which he has evidently devoted himself, are perfectly upon a level,—and both are despicable.

Mr Mendelssohn repeated his magnificent concerto; which may with propriety be called a grand symphony with an obligato for the pianoforte. The whole performance is an astonishing effort, both as to composition and execution; and to enhance the wonder of his audience, this glorious young genius played the whole without a note before him. Nature—inexhaustible and wondrous in her resources, has raised up to us another beauteous flower;—oh! may she carry it to a consummation worthy of its bright promise.

The overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, by the same fine young spirit, is a composition that improves with repetition—a sure test of its excellence. It is highly descriptive of the story; is scored in a most masterly style; and ends with a pathos and gentleness perfectly exquisite. The reader recollects the Fairies' benediction at the close of the play:—Mr Mendelssohn's conclusion accurately reflects the beauty of the following lines. The poetry and music bear the most harmonious proportion—both being in the highest strain of lovely and tender innocence.

'With this field-dew consecrate,
Ever fairy take his gait!
And each several chamber bless,
Thro' this palace with sweet peace:
E'er shall it in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away,
Make no stay,
Meet me all by break of day.'

Beethoven's Symphony in F, was admirably performed. The second movement in B flat is our favourite of the whole composition.

Maurer's concertante for four violins is a very musician-like composition, and original in its construction and treatment, and was charmingly played on all hands.

This being the concluding concert of the season, we take leave of the performances with regret, and gratitude for the many hours afforded us of recreation of a highly intellectual character. The deficiency in the performances, which in our opinion requires future consideration, has been the frequent bringing forward of vocal composition, not worthy of the society. The singers are paid for their services, and over-paid too for the little they contribute to the general entertainment. Those conceited and ignorant people should never be allowed to controul the directors as to the pieces they shall sing: these are the judges of what is fitting for their concerts, and such compositions only should they insist upon having sung; and in case of refusal, this ought to be stated in the bills of the next performance. The Philharmonic society should be constantly in the van in all matters relating to music, and consequently it should never sanction pieces fit only for the morning lounge of some benefited howling baffoon.

MILITARY FLOGGING.

TO THE TATLER.

Sir,—It would be a great improvement in the system of military flogging, if every one of those who have authority to inflict it, were, before this authority is delegated to and accepted by them, to receive one dozen lashes, by way of tasting and judging of the effects of it.

Is it not a disgrace to a civilized Christian country, that the flesh of a poor fellow should be torn piecemeal from the bone, until life is almost exhausted, in torture even greater than the human devils of the Inquisition have ever inflicted; and this for offences comparatively trivial with others in our civil code that escape with the slightest punishment?

Again, as to the infliction of death for desertion: A poor wretch who has been cajoled to become a soldier, becomes tired or ashamed of his situation. He forcibly or clandestinely escapes from it, whilst every other fellow creature has the uncontroulable choice of changing his condition. Why is the Captain, the Lieutenant, the Major, or even the General, to be allowed at his choice to sell his commission, and retire from the army, more than the common soldier?

ANTI-FLAGELLUM.

[We beg to apologize for omitting to notice this letter earlier. As the subject of it is again before Parliament, it happens to be as well-timed as when sent.]

TO THE MOON.

(From the German of Hölty.)

Pour, lovely Dian, pour thy beams
Of silver through this beechen tree,
Where endless fantasies and dreams
Flit silently by me.

Unveil thee—I would seek the limes
Where oftentimes my girl sate down;
And, screen'd by waving beech, at times
Forgot the golden town.

Unveil thee—on the bush I look,
Through which once cooling winds did breathe
On her, and where she watch'd the brook;—
Ye banks, accept this wreath!

Then reassume thy misty veil,
O moon! with mine thy sorrows blend;
And through the clouds, bewail, bewail,
For thy forsaken friend!

C. H.

THEATRICALS.

New Strand.

The new pieces come fast upon us at this theatre, produce their share of laughter, and give place to others. We must make short work with *Pay for Peeping*, the object of which is to moderate female curiosity, by laughing it out of countenance.

A marriage is about to take place between *Stedfast* (Selby) and *Charlotte Peery* (Miss E. Crisp), on the eve of which *Careless* (Forrester) having, as he believes, killed his adversary in a duel, seeks refuge in his friend *Stedfast's* house, in the disguise of an old lady. He is put into the wine closet, but *Jacob* (Mitchell) a prying servant, having incontinently informed *Miss Peery* and her mother that a lady was concealed in *Stedfast's* apartment, their suspicions are aroused. The young lady assumes the dress of an officer, and presenting herself to *Stedfast* as her brother, just arrived from abroad, challenges him to fight or produce the concealed party. But before this, *Stedfast* had become acquainted with *Jacob's* blundering betrayal, and *Careless* had in consequence changed his quarters to the fire-place, before which is a screen; while *Mrs Peery*, determined to find out the mystery, had explored the wine closet, and finally shuts herself up there, to await the issue. This is the position of affairs, when the combatants are about to fire; but on *Charlotte* giving the signal, the old lady within astonishes them by a shriek which suspends proceedings, causes the closet to be opened, herself to be led out, and the young officer to make an abrupt retreat. *Stedfast* being left alone, *Careless* emerges from his hiding place, and informs him who his late antagonist really was; in consequence of which, when *Charlotte* re-enters soon after as a French milliner, she has the tables turned on her by *Careless*, who rouses her jealousy by pretending to be in love with her in her assumed character. The *eclaircissement* is brought about by *Jacob's* announcing that an officer is coming up stairs in search of *Careless*; on hearing which, the latter throws down the chimney-board, and makes for the window, *Charlotte* endeavouring to prevent him, by laying hold of his dress; but he contrives to extricate himself and escape. The ladies seeing the true state of the case, now become apprehensive that their curiosity may prove fatal to *Careless*: but everything is speedily set to rights by the receipt of a letter, announcing the safety of the supposed fallen duellist; and there being now a clear understanding of all previous mysteries, the piece ends with the usual good resolutions as to the future, and the complete harmony of all parties.

The incidents of the piece are not entirely new, but they are in new connections; and as a continual bustle is kept up, and as all the parties are successively in a state of perplexity about each other's proceedings, the effect on the spectators is pleasant, they enjoying the distress, because they see through the veil which produces in order in the end to dissipate it.

The actors all did their best, and were rewarded by the complete success of the piece.

Vauxhall.

These pleasant gardens opened on Monday very auspiciously, with fine weather, and a numerous assemblage of visitors. Renewed exertions have been made to deserve the patronage of the public, and we are informed (for we have not yet been there) that they reflect credit on the judgment and liberality of the proprietor. The singers and performers engaged are Mrs Waylett, Mrs Keeley, Miss Coveney, Messrs Templeton, Bedford, Stansbury, Williams, and Robinson. The acting of a *vaudeville* has been resumed; and Mr Distin is there with his masterly performances on the trumpet. Of course there are the usual whistling, peeping, and fireworks; the latter of which have no doubt their accustomed property of being better and better on each succeeding night. We shall take an early opportunity of going to judge for ourselves.

Box-keeping Department.—C. E. Covent Garden, makes the following complaint:—On Friday evening I visited the Haymarket theatre, to witness the performance of Kean; I arrived a short time before seven, and but few were then in the upper circle of boxes; I requested the man to open one of the doors near the centre, when he informed me that those places had been previously engaged. I remonstrated with him, and he then said there was plenty of room at the side to which I went. The man was inebriated. Now, I would ask, is this the treatment which ought to be experienced by one who has previously paid the price of admission at the doors? I find too that numbers were treated in the same manner; consequently the most eligible situations were left unoccupied during the whole of the evening.

TO GATHERED ROSES.

(A very humble imitation of Herrick.)

Sweete floweres! ye were too faire:
With drooping lids
Among youre heavie morning teares
I founde ye.

Faire buds! I left ye there:
For sorrow bids
Brief greeting to gay youthe; it feares
To wounde ye.

But deare roses,—in your noone,
That graceful merrie prime,—
I stole away the lovelie boone:
And was it not a crime
To rob the wooing aire of your sweete breath?
Ah daintie floweres,
The wanton houres
Of mid-day's golden shine,
Will see ye pine
To morrowe,—and so fade awaye to death!
I've marr'd your blisses,
Those sweete kisses,
That the young breeze so loved yesterdaye!
I've seene ye sighing,
Now ye're dying;
How coulde I take youre prettie lives awaye?

Sweet floweres! ye were too faire:
Youre beautie was youre bane
(To whom is it a gane?)
I would I had not founde ye!

Faire buds! Dying,—ye are
So verie sweete
That of death's paine ye do him cheate;
Ah! I could die with ye arounde me!

I. J. T.

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

A young officer, the day before a great battle was expected to take place, applied to the Marshal de Toiras, for permission to go to see his parents, who, he said, were dangerously ill. The Marshal suspected another motive, and added as he granted the permission, 'I see thou wilt honour thy father and mother, *that thy days may be long in the land*,' &c.

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